

# It's Over

Ces Cru

Damn, I forgot to do something..  
Oh yeah, it ain't over, motherfuckers

Could it be they don't really know me?  
I don't care, fuck you blow me  
I'mma get it right for the showing  
Can't nobody call me  
Out I'm a vet round here, y'all stuck in the middle like money  
Cut with a roney, up to my neck in a pow full of vixens sucking up on me  
Fuckin' her face like I love that bitch, but I won't ever let one control me  
Fuck with it brobey  
Look, I'mma luncheon  
Ridin' on the back of a one-trick-pony  
Back in the function  
Lighting the stage on fire, now look at me like a phony  
Hooked I'm an only  
Child and I give two shits if a bitch wanna round up on me  
You can lick my asshole but do not pass go gotta pay me what you owe me  
Wait for the warning I'm alarming 'em all  
You finna get mauled outside of the mini-mall  
And admit it we are all literally raw  
Yall Mitch Bade with a thong and a bra  
Better call the law  
The snake and the bat in the building swilding I'm stacking a million  
Crackin a couple of cases smokin a freshy facin the fuckin' ceilin, chillin

It ain't over 'till it's over  
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Okay, this shit's over!

I'm about to act in my faith so I rap in the game and the game  
Mean we back with the fame like a slap in the face  
It's strange how I laugh at the pain get to tappin' your brakes  
Need a couple rack in the safe I'm stacking the cake I play for  
The bat and the snake neva wanna bomb jack in my rates  
I train In the trap, livin' in a maze, no map now I'm runnin like a rat in a  
race  
I happen to know, many men who rap to my soul man you dunno the half of the  
hole  
I chill in the class on my own  
I'm Feelin where you at it'll feel like attack of the clones  
Can't tell the weird from the wack  
Skill from the from flash  
Jill from the jack from the joe  
I act on my own, after the throne  
Come up outa my chair the gat to your dome  
Pass me the dro on my left hand side  
No captain and coke I'mma let that ride  
Wrapped in a robe, Jedi Knight  
Better bust on the mic with deadeye sight  
I'm back in the zone like I never a left it  
Somebody show me which crew better than Ces is  
I don't know why they ain't get em' a necklace  
Get em' a world tour with a bed and a breakfast  
Ah hah

Once again the never ending (Kali)  
I was offending rappers over now there bending  
The death of hip hop open my mouth avenging  
I'm way too clean, all of your styles or dingy  
Never see me (No)  
Even if you have under a microscope see my mic provokes em'  
Twitter full of fans and your by your lonesome  
Get her out of her pants and you know she wants some  
Gimme, Gimme, Gimme, Gimme  
Your style isn't nothing more than a penny  
Rap until my lungs is empty  
Even tecca nina can't pretend to be me  
The wild in me or Goddy defend the UB  
This is my duty  
To rock and then don't stop then they interview me  
? And I ain't a newbie  
I'm a painter with anguish  
You don't baby don't speak on my language  
It's a done dealybob a done dealrosky  
Got a deal so you can't approach me  
Hot so you never could roast me  
So it ain't finish, finito  
Until I say so brosky  
So I clobber 'em with one with a coming I slobber em' don't bother em, with  
garbage  
This shit's over but I feel like its barely started. (Kali)

You need... scheisse spray...  
Because my shits makin' the flys split so anybody that want it they're gonna  
die today  
When the mic sits upon my lips it come a crisis you better hide away  
High pitch you no like this then it's bye bitch don't even try to play  
White Mike and it's Donnie, your life's a bitch when it's Tecca Nina with th  
em and then a Spider K  
We groovy with a caucasian and three mulies never disrespect us see toolies  
from Kali, Godi, Me, Ubi, (eh!)  
Effortless I'm gonna change your brain  
Bring every wicked bit of Strange to mainstream  
Now my baby making thangs are hanging  
Cause my type of insane we slanging  
And You don't wanna wake up in the middle of killers A milli  
Gonna rudder you up I feel up a butter my niggas in a willing to buck  
With a villain a cutter and you chilling with a pill in your gut  
Oh and I wanna rock  
Nine mill I got  
I'm in this rhyming assault shot when I call bubble  
The way I'm living' it ain't nothing subtle  
And he just living' in a fucking hovel